

Word to the Wise by forever_bright

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Summary:

Dustin tries to give Billy a serious warning about dating Steve.

Word to the Wise

Author's Note:

Someone should write a longer fic with the kids trying to protect Steve's honour or warn Billy off, I find the idea too cute for words.

The sex with Billy was amazing. Steve didn't have much to compare it to when it came to men, but it certainly beat anything he'd experienced before his recent bisexual explorations. It left him breathless and sated somewhere deep inside that had always felt restless after sex before. It made him want to stretch out and curl his toes, and stare at Billy with a stupid grin teased out of him by the best fuck he'd ever had.

It didn't make any logical sense, but things between Billy and Steve were easy. There was a simplicity to it, the way they could read each other, and their relationship had unfolded with minimal conversation and none of the emotional negotiations Steve had assumed came with these sorts of arrangements. It was ironic that the endless friction between them had developed into such a smooth understanding.

Steve knew when Billy wanted a fight. Billy knew when Steve wanted to drink beer and talk shit. They both knew when the other wanted to cut the crap and get on with the sex.

They had been hanging out at Billy's house for the week, because nobody was around to comment on the two teenage boys parading around mostly naked and working their way through the liquor cabinet. Max was off with her friends and Billy's parents were at a funeral in San Diego.

Steve was lounging semiconscious on Billy's bed when there was knock at the front door of the house. He raised his head a fraction, his wild hair – much messier after Billy grabbing fistfuls of it – fell over his eyes. Steve was lying on his stomach, legs still slightly spread and every muscle in his body was demanding he stay exactly where he was. He kicked out with a leg, hitting Billy on the knee.

“Door,” he grunted.

“Shut up,” replied Billy, his eyes still closed. He had a warm, heavy arm resting over Steve’s lower back.

The knocking continued. It was very insistent.

“Get the door,” Steve said, kicking Billy again. Billy smacked his ass hard and Steve let out a hiss, but he still couldn’t be bothered moving. They’d smoked up and then Billy had decided to tease Steve with his fingers for twenty minutes before fucking him, and nothing was going to make Steve get up other than the house being on fire.

The knocking stopped for a moment, then started again in earnest. The person had switched hands.

“Fucker,” swore Billy. Steve felt him get off the bed and was vaguely aware of Billy tugging on some shorts before there was the sound of his bare feet moving along the floorboards in the corridor.

Steve lay still, his back cold without the weight of Billy’s arm, and he was near sleep again when a very familiar voice brought him sharply back to consciousness.

Billy had left the bedroom door open. Steve could hear every word of the conversation at the front door, and it was the worst thing he could imagine.

“What?” came Billy’s pissed off voice. “Max isn’t here.”

“I know. I came to talk to you,” replied Dustin.

Why? Steve screamed internally. Why are you coming to talk to Billy? Are you suicidal? Steve was thinking about how he really needed to get up and go find out what Dustin thought he was doing, when he heard the answer to his silent question.

“Do you have a fucking death wish, kid? Get out of here.”

“I should make it clear the both Max and Mike know I’m here, as does the Chief Hopper who I’m very close friends with.”

“Great. So get lost.”

“No, I’m here to talk to you about Steve.”

“What about pretty boy?” replied Billy and Steve could hear the slightly sharper tone to his voice. He doubted Dustin noticed it.

“I know you two are, you know, um,” Dustin stalled for a moment, but then seemed to rally some confidence, “I know you’re dating Steve and I wanted to tell you that I’m watching, and so is Chief Hopper and Mike’s girlfriend, who is actually way more scary than the Chief, and we’ll know if you do anything to him.”

The problem with kids was that they lack discretion. Steve knew that Dustin had seen those bruises on him last week, but he hadn’t thought that the kid would actually do anything about it. He clearly wasn’t old enough to know the difference between actual bruises and sexy bruises, although to be fair Billy did blur the line on that front sometimes.

Steve wondered how quickly he could get on some clothes and get down the hallway.

Surely Billy wouldn’t go too crazy...

“Do anything?” came Billy’s voice, and Steve relaxed slightly when he heard the amusement in it. “And what exactly do you think I’m going to do to your precious Stevie?”

“You know. Bad stuff,” said Dustin, his conviction clearly beginning to fade again.

“Oh, but I really like doing lots of bad things to him,” replied Billy in a lewd tone. Steve made a face, even though nobody was there to see it. “And unless you want to hear the sounds he makes when I do them, I’d get out of here, because I’m feeling ready for round two.”

Steve had a horrible feeling Billy had just grabbed his crotch in front of the thirteen-year-old. The front door slammed a few seconds later.

When Billy came back into the room, Steve raised his head a little off the bed. They shared a long look, before Billy reached for a pack of

smokes and pushed some of his messed up curls off his face.

“Pretty pathetic that you need a little kid to come and protect you,” he said, lighting up. Steve agreed but didn’t say it.

Instead, he spread his legs a little more and Billy’s eyes obligingly dropped down to look.

“Round two?” said Steve.

Tomorrow, when Steve was sober and showered and not horny, he and Dustin were going to have a chat about how Steve didn’t need anyone to threaten people for him, because he was the grown up here and he didn’t need protecting from Billy anyway.

That thought was quickly swept away, replaced with Billy’s body and the promise of making Steve scream so loud that the whole town would hear him.